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BOOK REVIEWS



THE CARE OF CHILDREN. By Elizabeth Robinson Scovil. Revised Edition. Published by Henry Altamus, Philadelphia.

This most practical and valuable little volume is not written for the use of nurses, but of mothers, yet few nurses can rise from a careful reading of its contents without feeling charged with fresh knowledge of a most useful kind, and brushed up and re-charged with forgotten details and practical points. Miss Scovil has an unusually clear and simple style, and direct, comprehensible manner of teaching.

She says in her preface that when in charge of the "Mother's Corner" of the widely circulated *Home Journal* the many hundreds of letters received from mothers about the care of the baby brought out a small book, "A Baby's Requirements," which was afterwards enlarged to this more complete volume.

Nurses will do well to recommend this book to all who do not already know it. Beginning with prenatal days, it covers the subjects of "Nursing," "Feeding," "Increasing the Food," "Diet after Two Years of Age," "The Food of School Children," and "Diet in Illness." The subject of clothing is then taken up in "The Baby's Wardrobe," "Short Clothes," "Clothing after Babyhood."

"Beds and Bedding" are next discussed, and chapters on "Baths," "Care of Teeth," "Eyes," "Ears," "Hair," "Nails," and "Feet" are most excellent in their practical definiteness. "Ailments," "Physical Deformities," "Diseases," "Emergencies," "Physical Culture," and the "Care of Girls and Boys" complete a book which is the result of years of work and careful study, thoroughly reliable, and very helpful.

GOOD COOKING. By Mrs. S. T. Rorer. Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia.

Although the delicious recipes for the entire bill of fare making up the first half of this attractive little book are well worth study, the most interesting and useful portion to nurses is found in the last half of the volume, where Mrs. Rorer, in her "Domestic Lessons," deals at length with the subject of indigestion,— "What Indigestion Really Means,"—how to avoid it and what to eat when you have it.

Food schedules for different kinds of dyspeptics are given, and causes of intestinal indigestion are explained. So few people, even nurses, realize that white bread eaten in quantity produces flatus and constipation, or appreciate the results of drinking an insufficient amount of water.

An unusual feature of this book is a classification of proper foods according to the occupation of the person, and it is interesting to find that sample menus suitable for the meals of an out-of-door laborer are identical with the actual meals set upon the table of a household of district nurses!—upon which, also, they thrive.

We should consider this little book very valuable to the private-duty nurse. It is small and light and can be easily carried about.

L. L. D.

EMILE ZOLA.

The November magazines came out with many and varied comments on the death of Zola. Some gave a sort of amplified obituary notice; others shorter or longer biographical sketches, differing widely in their estimate of the importance of the life-work of the eminent *littérateur*—for while some seemed to lose sight of all that went before the great Dreyfus affair, others made no mention of the incident, but dwelt most on the large production of books of a highly sensational character, as a rule ignoring the purpose of the author in forcing upon the world a series of books that were written neither to please the public nor charm the money out of its unwilling pockets. You may well pass all the others by if you read the *Bookman*, which might almost be called a Zola number, and you are most earnestly recommended to give a very careful reading to Mr. Harry Thurston Peck's paper therein. Here is, indeed, a true appreciation of Zola—man, poet, and sociologist; Mr. Peck is so just and yet so generous, so careful in setting forth the exact conditions that forced the conviction of his calling upon the young man Zola, newly thrown from his fair country home into a very sink of iniquity of "the most beautiful and most heartless city of our modern world."

I only quarrel with Mr. Peck's closing words, "In his (Zola's) death a mighty elemental influence has passed away from earth;" rather say with Pom-pilia, "No work begun shall ever pause for death," with a different application of the words. Mr. Peck calls the subject of his paper "a cyclopean panoramic artist." The expression is suggestive of collaboration, as if Zola, having built his part, had only made way for the next workman, he in his turn to be followed by many another. We lay down the finished paper with a dawning of new suggestions of possibilities of becoming in some small way the servant or handmaid of his or her country, reflecting at the same time how apt we are to forget how far we may be held responsible for our brother's keeping, asking ourselves in something like startled surprise whether we are not "ashamed to fight against sin, the world, and the devil." For your better understanding I once more recommend the early reading of Mr. Peck's paper.

THE RIVER. Eden Phillpotts.

Eden Phillpotts's latest book, "The River" (Stokes & Co., New York), is claimed by its author to be his best book, which is high praise, considering those that have preceded this one. Like his other tales, the scene is laid in Devonshire, where he carries us and keeps us willing thralls until the book is ended. The book is called for the Dart, which Mr. Sorrow Scobhull in the course of the tale tells us is a devil, always crying for the life of some poor mortal,—“Dart, Dart wants a heart.” We seem to walk into the “Ring o’ Bells” and sit down with Gammer Sage beside the fire which had never been quenched in thirty years and hear her spoil trade, as she repeatedly does in the interest of her customers. A man calls for a pint unusually early in the morning. “A pint! Why so much so early?” “I’m very much under the weather, ma’am. My misfortunes do gain upon me so cruel that be blessed if I know where they will end ’pon fifteen shillings a week.” And then he explains that his desperation is due to a warning of increase in his family, and he demands of the landlady, whose name signifies “wise,” what he shall do.

“Do,” answers promptly and with sternness the lady,—“do what the Lord done with the rain after Noah’s flood—stop it.”

“’Twas like this,” says the dissatisfied parent. “Us was set on a man child

from the first, an' us had to fill the house to get un—five maids running, in fact; then my old woman lost heart, an' began to talk 'bout Providence, as females will do when they 'm crossed. So I comforted her with the bravery of a man. 'Damn Providence!' I said to her in my courageous way; an' be blessed if the next wasn't a bwoy!"

"Beer won't help you, anyhow," says the landlady, admonishing the parent that he has "an immortal young sawl budding for earth, and 'tis your duty to launch it 'pon the pilgrimage so well as you can an' give it every chance."

Simple characters like these make up the tale—the hero the simplest of all. I do not know whether you would call it a good ending,—I think so,—for we leave Hannah and Nicholas with a perfect understanding between them at last, though he leaves her the other man's widow to the end of her days. M. E. C.



COLDS.—This was one of the subjects of discussion at the October meeting of the New York State Medical Association. Dr. James J. Welsh, New York, thought that cold was only a predisposing factor in these cases, microbes being the chief element in the affection. At the beginning of an ordinary cold in the head the serous flow was an effort of nature to relieve the congestion and eliminate the infection, hence it should not be interfered with at this stage.

Dr. George F. Cott, of Buffalo, said that while cold was a separate disease in the minds of the laity, to physicians it always meant a condition secondary to something else. A person with nasal polypi, for example, would complain of almost constant stuffiness of the nose, one with an enlarged lingual tonsil became hoarse after very slight use of the voice in singing.

Dr. A. Alexander Smith, of New York, took up the treatment of colds. He thought some colds in the head are communicable, and that isolation might sometimes be a useful protective measure. Cod-liver oil was a good preventive for those who were in the habit of constantly catching cold. If the temperature was over 100° F. he insisted on the patient staying in bed, or at least in the house. A moderate dose of quinine and Dover's powder at night, followed in the morning by a laxative, would cut short some colds. A hot mustard foot-bath increased the comfort of the patient. Rhinitis tablets were effectual if taken early, but persons susceptible to belladonna should be careful in using them. The alkaline treatment was often satisfactory, one dram of bicarbonate of soda in half a glass of water with a few drops of lemon-juice. Camphor internally and by inhalation often yielded good results. He was not a great believer in local treatment, though he admitted that irrigation with saline solution was often useful. It was, however, dangerous except in skilful hands. When colds showed a tendency to recur he advocated tincture chloride of iron in large doses for two or three days, also cod-liver oil, quinine, or the vegetable bitters. Sometimes change of climate was the only cure.

Dr. W. Freudenthal, of New York, objected to calling everything an infection. A common cold, he thought, was nothing else than the effect of the lowered temperature on the human system. The dry air of houses caused a chronic post-nasal catarrh which at times increased. To overcome susceptibility to catching cold, overdressing should be avoided and cold baths taken.